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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915. NUMBER 25

WE TO SIGH INSTEAD OF SING.

"Rain and rain! and rain and rain!"
  Yesterday we muttered,
Grimly as the grim refrain
  That the thunders uttered:
All the heavens under cloud—
  All the sunshine sleeping;
All the grasses limply bowed
  With their weight of weeping.

Sigh and sigh! and sigh and sigh!
  Never end of sighing;
Rain and rain for our reply—
  Hopes half-drowned and dying;
Peering through the window-pane,
  Naught but endless raining—
Endless sighing, and, as vain,
  Endlessly complaining.

Shine and shine! and shine and shine!
  Ah! today the splendor!—
All this glory yours and mine—
  God! but God is tender!
We to sigh instead of sing,
  YESTERDAY, in sorrow,
While the Lord was fashioning
  This for our Tomorrow!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

It is announced that President Wilson is to visit the Panama Exposition at San Francisco via the Panama Canal. May he have a new vision of peace and may his spirit be strengthened in his purposes to make of the Panama Canal a wedding ring that will unite the nations and may the nuptial vows be witnessed by roses and palms with never a cannon in sight.

The Chicago Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium was dedicated last Tuesday and will be open for patients April 1st. This institution will have a full capacity of 950 beds and any citizen of Chicago needing its ministrations will be eligible free of charge. The Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, whose efficient superintendent is James Minnick, once a well-known Unitarian minister in the West, deserves great credit for the creation of an institution along ideal lines. Let other cities go and do likewise.

Those who seek to justify war, this war in particular, on the score of patriotism, loyalty to fatherland or mother country, need to account for the gruesome fact as reported by the author of "Quo Vadis." Poland, with no country to fight for, no flag to defend, poor, disfranchised and expatriated, has a half million of her sons distributed in the armies of three different warring nations, their land being made, as this great author puts it, "the cock-pit of the battles of Europe." These men rush at each other, "uttering their imprecations in their common natal tongue." He tells us that it frequently happens that Red Cross nurses lift from the heap of wounded one man in German uniform, another in an Austrian and a third in Russian, but all three of them are Poles. We are glad to know that Poland still lives in the Republic of Letters. It has a place among the unconquered, submerged nations and Henryk Sienkiewycz is president and Ignace Paderewski is vice-president of the Relief Committee in Poland.

The Church Peace Union, with offices at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, has begun the publication of a series of papers by the trustees of that Union which, if the whole list is compassed, will make a series of twenty-seven or eight pamphlets. Six numbers have already been issued, namely: "The Cause of War," by Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.; "The Midnight Cry," by Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, D. D.; "The Scourge of Militarism," by Rev. Peter Ainslie, D. D.; "Europe's War, America's Warning," by Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, Ph. D.; "The Way to Disarm: A Practical Proposal," by Hamilton Holt, and "The Church's Mission as to War and Peace," by Junius B. Remensnyder, D. D., LL. D. Other pamphlets promised are: "The Breakdown of Civilization," by Rev. William Pierson Merrill, D. D.; "After the War —What?" by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.; "Our Grounds of Hope," by Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D. D.; "The United Church and the Terms of Peace," by Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D. and "Adequate Armaments," by Prof. William I. Hull. Any or all of these pamphlets can be secured on application to the New York office. We suspect they can be supplied in quantities for distribution for a nominal consideration. They should be widely distributed.

Chicago has had a distressing attack of Fashion Shows, "Beauty Contests" and a "Parade" of the new creations that go to gown the modern woman. "Competent judges," "experts in costuming," "Belles of the Ball," have discovered how a "working girl" can clothe herself for $24.00 a year and still look well while her sisters traveling upward reach a maximum of as many thousand dollars in their yearly extravagance and still so far as we know these much-clubbed women of Chicago committed to all kinds of "uplifts," "reforms, civic and social," have not lifted their voices in concert against this indignity to plain woman-

hood, to serviceable motherhood and to a citizenship that is humble and unconscious. Not until the ballot is dis-associated from the ambitions and display of the costume exhibiter among women and divorced from the smoking, beer-guzzling indolence of men, will democracy come to its prime. One of the great "Shows" filled the First Regiment Armory with a crowd led by the well-dressed elite who were duly posed and photographed. The proceeds of this show were dedicated to social center work but it was announced that there was not much left for this purpose because there were so many complimentary tickets issued. This fund was to go to the maintenance of the "Emerson House," a Social Centre. Shades of Concord! Has it come to this? Poor Emerson! How have the mighty fallen!

This age is nothing if it is not statistical, and the Unitarians are nothing if they do not aspire to be scientific, and so "A Commission on the Salaries of Unitarian Ministers" is a thing quite in the normal order of things. This commission consists of Frederic A. Delano, so well known as the recent president of the Wabash Railroad, a long-time director of the Western Unitarian Conference, and now a member of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington; Mr. Stephen W. Phillips, Treasurer of the North Church in Salem, a man with large experience in the administration of trust funds; and Henry Wilder Foote, who after notable experiences as pastor of churches in New Orleans and Ann Arbor and Departmental Secretary of the A. U. A., is now a member of the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School. The personnel of this committee is sufficient guarantee not only of thorough work but of creative suggestions. The committee has just issued rather a formidable questionaire with twenty-four queries which pry rather closely into the private affairs of church and pastor. In secular life, particularly among the typical Yankees of the older order, the answers to most of these questions would come promptly, "It is none of your business! That is an affair of my own." The committee seems to fully realize the delicacy of the situation and they anticipate such answers when they declare:

> We are aware that many of the queries asked may seem to search too closely into the business affairs of our churches. It is, however, presumably unnecessary for us to say that we have included no qestion from undue curiosity, but only because the answer promised to throw some light upon our problem, and that we shall hold as strictly confidential all information given on these blanks. The returned blanks will be seen only by members of the Commission and their clerical assistants, and will be destroyed when the report is finished; and where quotations from them are included in the report care will be taken to remove all passages which might lead to the identification of the writer.

With the purpose of this committee UNITY has large sympathy, and it goes without saying that such a committee will not abuse the confidence of any church or preacher, and their compilation of facts will be very interesting and possibly provocative of much good. But the statistics of the Unitarian denomination on this matter will have little value when taken alone, first because the Unitarian ministry so far as it goes is peculiarly favored in financial matters. Whether to its credit or discredit, it is an obvious fact that the pay of the Unitarian ministry will average higher than in those denominations who are ministering to the great bulk of rural communities and whose constituency consists of members who themselves are underpaid and upon whose shoulders the many responsibilities of life rest heavily. This survey of ministers' incomes would have much more value if the committee were an inter-denominational one, and the facts were brought out into bold relief which would show how many churches and pastors live as the hymn book says:

"At a poor dying rate"

because they ought not to be. In city and country most localities underpay their ministers because they are over-churched. Churches must be multiplied wherever mental integrity and the real spiritual interests of any section of the community are unprovided for, but the cutting up of the community on superficial lines of sectarian prejudices and inherited traditions is largely responsible for the poor service and poorer pay of our clergy. What we said last week as to the requirement of university churches is equally true of the needs of most communities. Where differences are fundamental, separate congregations are a necessity, but where the unities are far more fundamental than the differences, the advice coming from such committees as this in question should be, "Die, that you may live more triumphantly and not try to live to the defeat of the ends you aim at." We will look for the report of this committee with great interest.

Esperanto and Peace

Not community of interest or even the pride of descent, but diversity of language is the real source of political distrust and national ambitions. The English-speaking people are inevitably drawn together. The triumphs of the German Empire are the triumphs of the German language. When Luther, Lessing and Schiller blended the discordant dialects of the Teutons into the great German language, united Germany followed in due time. Dante, when he forged an Italian language elastic enough for him to carry his own weird fancies and strong enough to bear his mighty poem, did more than any man on horseback

or in council chamber to bring about a "United Italy." And if a reconstruction of political lines in Europe is to be a result of this gruesome war, the only reconstruction that will carry with it enthusiasm and potency is one that will run along linguistic lines. No more surely will birds of a feather flock together than will men of common speech flock together if the law of selection is not interfered with. It is no wonder that the prime inspiration of those who seek to establish a universal language is identical with those who are seeking universal peace.

Whatever may be the obstacles in the way of the Esperanto movement, it carries within itself the mighty gospel of brotherhood. And even now its devotees are undaunted. More than seventy-five years ago De Tocqueville in his great book, "Democracy and America," said the tie of language is perhaps the strongest and most durable that can unite mankind. During the First Hague Conference an Esperanto conference was in session in Antwerp, and the keen-sighted W. T. Stead said then: "The real Peace Conference of the world is being held in Antwerp." While the militant urgency that has swerved English poets from their quest, distorted their speech and brought about their downfall while they sing the discordant notes of nationalism rather than the melodious strains of universal love, the Esperantists are found undismayed. The January number of the *British Esperantist* dares lift British patriotism into world patriotism, as is witnessed by the following clipping from that paper:

At this time of distracting news of warfare and preparations for war on all hands we can find *one* reassuring reflection: "This cannot be a permanent condition; peace *must* come; it can be but a matter of a few weeks or months."

Whether it follows upon conquest and defeat, or comes about through absolute exhaustion of the combatants, peace *must ensue.*

Natural reaction may give us—as we Eperantists most deeply hope—a complete, universal and lasting peace. How necessary, then, will be the International Language as a means of intercommunication.

But it may only be partial—an armed peace. How necessary, then, will be Esperanto as a means to that education, that ready opportunity for the growth of friendship among the peoples, which shall make further wars impossible!

Therefore, in whatever other ways we may be affected, whatever else may be our share of labor and anxiety through the war, as Esperantists we have a plain and simple duty—to stretch our powers and opportunities to the utmost to ensure the progress—the firm, sure, solid progress of our movement; to recruit for and assist in drilling our "International Army," that it may so grow in numbers and influence as to be able to render helpful service in the cause of permanent peace.

We have before us another citation said to be a "free translation" from a speech made by Monsieur Souchay of Paris at a Congress of Esperantists held in England, May, 1913, which indicates an eye undimmed by national prejudices, a vision unbounded by military lines or militant enthusiasms:

For a man who, like myself, has long esteemed and loved Britain and the British, it is always a great pleasure to come among you. I rejoice as a man and I rejoice as an Esperantist. Men are now living in an unforgettable age. They can take notice of great happenings. . . . Let us go forward. . . . wishing and willing a new "Entente Cordiale," a Covenant of Sympathy between all peoples. At this very moment in which I am speaking, a Frenchman amid brother Britons, there are now for the first time taking counsel together in Berne, Switzerland, in the land of liberty, the delegates of the French and German Parliaments, seeking how ways may be devised gradually to avert the danger of war between those two great nations.

But twenty-five years ago the Franco-British Entente would have been deemed an impossibility—and yet it is a fact. Similarly many now say that an Entente between France and Germany is an impossibility, madness, folly—and yet a fact it too shall one day surely be.

THE CRY OF WOMAN.

There is a cry from the untrodden places,
The inarticulate striving for the Word;
Beneath the graves, above the starry spaces,
Beyond the sails on far horizons blurred,
From city streets, from deserts and oases—
A Voice . . . that shall be heard!

The Cry of Woman—the eternal bearer
Of pain, the watcher at the bolted gate,
Humanity's primeval drudge and darer,
Undaunted pillager of death and fate;
Yea, she, the weak, the strong, the farthest farer
On pathways desolate.

She—denizen of brothel or of palace,
The courtesan that launched the Grecian ships,
The crystal-clear and undefilèd chalice
Of life—the poppied death and lips,
The soother of dissension and of malice,
The star . . . and the eclipse.

"Behold we come, for Womanhood is waking!
Before us break and fall the rusting bars.
Lo, to the winds new banners are we shaking,
The olive-leaf for ancient wars and scars;
We stand, at last, where fadeless morn is breaking,
Our feet upon the stars.

"Before our eyes undreamed horizons widen;
The shadows vanish and the vapors shift.
We ask not for the trump, the torch, the guidon,
But for the wings that soar, the dreams that lift;
And from the mists where we have long abiden
We claim the perfect gift.

"Yea, we—the queen in ermine and in scarlet,
The toiler at the spindle and the loom,
The ministrant to emperor and varlet,
The first to stand before the broken tomb,
The wife, the nun, the shop-girl and the harlot—
We rise from out the gloom.

"We cannot fail. Behind us press the others—
The million generations yet to be.
They urge us ever on, O men and brothers,
To bear the torch for all humanity.
And we, who have been and who shall be mothers—
Shall not we, too, be *Free?*"

There is a cry from the forgotten reaches;
The voiceless deep-below-the-deep is stirred.
The hills give tongue, and earth's remotest beaches
Fling echoes of the message long deferred—
A voice that prophecies, exults and teaches—
The Cry . . . and it is heard!

The Forum. —*Victor Starbuck.*

THE PULPIT

The Men of the New Testament

A Sermon

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Delivered at

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Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

II.
Stephen the First Martyr

Prayer.

Father, help us to enter into this canticle of Thanksgiving. Help us to see through clouds the sunshine, through war benignant peace, through strife co-operation, through human defeat a divine victory. Amen.

Sermon.

(*Read the sixth and seventh chapters of Acts, containing an account of the charge, defence and execution of Stephen.*)

Christianity is the unexpounded mystery two thousand years old. It is a compound, the ingredients of which are so diverse that no man as yet has been able to define it in a way that is acceptable to all the others. Christianity has taken into its bosom diverse races, antagonistic ideas, men of saintly and men of brutal instincts. Christianity has written its story in anthems of love and in deeds of violence. It has wreathed its message in roses and sometimes the roses have concealed the dagger. Christianity has counted its heroes on cross-crowned heights and on bloody battlefields. It is too big a thing to be defined, too complex a thing to be analyzed. But whatever it is, through ill report and good report, through defeat and triumph, disgrace and glory, it has held in its heart two searching, penetrating, world inclusive sources of energy. One is that the intangible is the powerful, that life must be moved from within and not from without; that the forces that abide are not material. *Things* must ever be subordinated to *spirit*. The other is like unto it. When life is thus interpreted it is one. Christianity is humanity groping toward brotherhood, stumbling, falling, denying its inspirations, disgracing its pretensions, but ever groping toward Brotherhood.

At the threshold of the story of Christianity we come upon the story of this radiant youth with the face of an angel, one who was set apart by that early church movement in Jerusalem to dispense the charities of the little band. He was one of the deacons to care for the philanthropies, that the confessed Apostles might be free to teach and to pray. But no sooner was he installed as the chairman of the committee on charity than he was found too big a man to be a mere dispenser of alms. There was in him a spirit at work. He has a message to deliver.

What was that message? We will have to read deep and not long to find it. It was a message that carried denial to the conceits of a "chosen people," to the devotees of an inherited creed, to those who confounded in their thoughts a certain minimum of ceremonial observances with the essence of the religious life. Stephen was too much for them; they could not stand it. He was haled to trial, and his speech, by happy and exceptional survival, has come down to us apparently in its initial integrity. The learned speech, spoken and written undoubtedly in Greek, evidences not only a Hebrew education, but a classic influence that had touched him. But in the midst of this speech, which was evidently meant to impress the ecclesiastics of the court, the Sanhedrin, the dignified elders, he suddenly lost himself. He stopped his argument and burst forth in an arraignment of their stiff-neckedness, the unillumined quality of their ears and their hearts, and by the same scholarship which he started out with, he showed that they were the lineal descendants of those who had stoned the prophets, who had denied the spirit in the interest of the letter. And the swift indignation of a mob carried him outside the gates. And when the stones flew thick and fast, his last utterance was, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Martyrdom is popular in history. It was the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of sincerity that inspired the first martyr. No fragment of truth, no error in philosophy and in theology has been evolved by man but what it has in it the power to make martyrs out of sincere souls; so we may take Stephen as a type.

The story of Christianity can be paralleled with the story of other nations, pathetically over-reached by the story of the people out of whose heart Christianity came. The story of Christian martyrdom is a garden of flowers compared with the story of Jewish martyrdom. And then there is that other pathetic tale of the martyrs of science, the heroes of doubt, who, under the direction of the dominant Christianity, walked to the flames, yielded their heads to the ax or swung from the gallows. The martyrdoms demanded by Christianity outnumber and outreach in horror the martyrs who suffered because they were Christian.

Thus we come into the line of the conquerors who triumphed by defeat. The Sanhedrin who passed the sentence, the witnesses who, according to the Jewish law, must throw the first stone, all the forces that were marshalled in the interest of conservatism in Jerusalem, have gone down and out. They survive only in the story that condemns them, the story of the conquering Stephen.

And what a triumph is his! He conquered the most indomitable personality of the New Testament. He conquered him who became the irrepressible missionary of the new religion, the man who could not be defeated by stripes, by imprisonment, who survived shipwrecks, who traveled tirelessly throughout the Mediterranean world undaunted,—the great Paul. Stephen was too much for this Paul, though he consented to hold the coats of those who threw the stones, though his fervor was lashed into a fury by Stephen's death and though he asked for a commission to go forth and do more valiant service in putting down the irreverence and irreligion of such as Stephen. But on his way to Damascus that radiant face, that beautiful youth, that serene death, and above all that marvelous "Lay not this sin to their charge," broke the fiery heart of Paul, cracked the glaze of his theological training, let in a light that before had not reached this man of the schools, this devoted student who had sat at the feet of the great Gamaliel, and he became the great successor to Stephen. The great triumph in the New Testament after Calvary is the triumph of the martyr Stephen in conquering his great antagonist, his masterful opponent.

This story of Stephen is only one chapter in the long, long story of Huss, of Savonarola, of Thomas More and the others. It is all one story from Stephen to John Brown. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" of the Nazarene on Calvary. "Lay not this sin to their charge" was the word of Stephen. Giordano Bruno, sixteen hundred years afterward, said to the despotic ecclesiastics who were about to vote his death, "Peradventure you pronounce this sentence with greater fear than I receive it." Said Sir Thomas More, to his judges, when asked if he wished to say anything as to why sentence of death should not be passed, "Only this, that I hope that you the accusers and I the accused may meet again in a better world."

By these signs Christianity has triumphed. "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley," says Latimer to his companion on the way to their burning, "for this day we will light a candle that will illumine the world." Cranmer, the master who had anticipated them, once, twice, aye thrice, weakened in the presence of the torture, recanted under the tyranny of outside pressure and influence, but when the burning came he thrust his right arm deep into the fire first, because that right hand it was that betrayed him to writing his recantation.

Whatever Christianity is it has conquered by its intangible victories, by its faith in the unseen, and it has always conquered in the direction of the more inclusive loves. Analyze every heresy trial that has been held by the Church of Christ historically for two thousand years, and in the last analysis it is thought against prejudice, it is the open mind against the closed mind, it is the wider view against the narrower sympathy. Always it is true that

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

It is always true that history has been careful of the martyrs and careless of the executors. It is true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," as Tertullian said so many, many years ago. It is easier to die than it is to live for the principles of Christianity.

Robert Browning in his "Soul's Tragedy" described a young man and woman who suddenly find themselves in the presence of death. A political revolution has made death inevitable. The gentlewoman in that drama has insight enough to say to her companion:

We are to die—but even I perceive
'Tis not a very hard thing so to die—
My cousin of the pale blue tearful eyes,
Poor Cesca suffers more from one day's life
With the stern husband; Tisbe's heart goes forth
Each evening after that wild son of hers,
To track his thoughtless footstep thro' the streets—
How easy for them both to die like this!
I am not sure that I could live as they.

Plenty of us would die for a cause who are found inadequate to live for the same cause. We will die for the "Brotherhood," or for our section of it, but we are swept off of our feet by a petty, narrow national enthusiasm. Take the profoundest and most pathetic martyrs of history, the great Jewish fellowship that in the face of danger, of persecution, of cruel death and burdens unspeakable have been loyal to the truth and faithful to the House of David, but now in the presence of the cheaper inspirations, the storm of militant enthusiasm, Jew fights Jew in all the marshalled armies. Allies, German, Austrian each count valiant Jews fighting for the smaller cause, unequal to the higher test of living, even to the standards of their Jewish brotherhood.

Christianity, with its boasted inclusiveness,—and the boast is justified,—broke the heart of the late Pope because his children were murdering each other. The Cross is imbecile on the battlefield and we mock it when we make it the symbol of that poor, ragged remnant of a Christianity that is willing to bind up the wounds and give the dying a drink of water. The Red Cross, instead of being the triumph of Christianity, is a confession of its failure. Where is our Christianty while these men are being torn into shreds with our bullets, when hearts are being pierced with bayonets? Where is your Christianity and where are your Christians? They are packed into ambulance corps, they are coming on the reserve train, and when the forces of destruction have done their deadliest, then our so-called "Christianity" will pick up the pieces and save a few. Oh, it is "Christian" to take care of Belgian orphans, but not Christian just now in the estimation of many, to be very sure that the whole business is accursed and shall have no place in Christian life or thought.

I printed in UNITY of November 26th, from that prophet of Boston, my friend Charles F. Dole, a paper he has written entitled, "What if Emperor William Should Become a Christian?" The very title sets us thinking. What if the Kaiser was to be converted to Christianity, and, like Paul, he was to see a great light and, like Paul, was great enough a man to confess that he had seen a light and that he now sees that it was all wrong, and that it was time that they should try to adjust national and political issues by the gospel methods. It is not such an unbelievable thing, nor such an impossible thing, but the very suggestion of it helps us to clear our thought and see how wide from the mark we have gone under the guise of Christianity.

John Ruskin, with wonderful clearness, has called our attention to the fact that the reason the soldier always carries with him so much admiration, and we are so prone to honor him, lies not in the fact that he is bent on killing, not because his vocation is destruction, but rather because he is willing to die when need be, because he takes his life in his hand and sacrifices it for something which he considers more valuable than life. The great test of religion as Ruskin puts it is to know when to die, and to understand that this demand is not peculiar to the man in uniform, but it is binding upon the man in trade, the man in the pulpit, the man in the schoolroom. When are we willing to die rather than to surrender to a fell inspiration or to brute pretensions? What is true of individuals is true of nations. The willingness to die if need be rather than to live on the lower plain is a test of Christianity that will eventually be applied to nations as well as individuals. The triumph of the defeated will come to nations as to individuals, when we study things in this light.

Robert Browning has a subtle and searching poem entitled "Instans Tyrannus," the threatening tyrant. The tyrant finds an insignificant man independent of his will. He probes and prods him, even strikes him, tries to bribe him, but there is no response until at last he gets him to stand in a fiery circle of torture, but he is unmoved. At last this insignificant "gnat," that so tortures the king by his indifference, casts his eyes upward in an attitude of prayer, and lo, an Arm reaches across the blue, and the tyrant says, "And I was afraid." Not him, "*I*" was afraid.

I cannot keep Stephen at arm's length. The stories of martyrs are favorites in the pulpit, and justly so. But here we are. How can I bring this study down to date? No national interest can be so supreme as to justify the perpetuation of the economics of war and the mechanics of destruction.

What are we going to do about it? Something can be done, and sooner or later something must be done. The time will come when all the forces in Europe, the ten million more or less under arms will disintegrate from exhaustion, if not from slaughter. Human flesh, the exchequer of the nations, the supply of food, the energies of even the poor horses, indispensable allies to victorious armies, will give way. Some day the hour of conference will arrive when the crowned heads and presidents of belligerent forces, with their prime ministers, or their representatives, must meet at The Hague, or on some other neutral ground, and ask each other, "What can *we* do about it?" When that moment comes some kind of a program beaten out by those who believe that love is stronger than hate, and that gentleness is more potent than force, should be ready for discussion. Once discussion is undertaken and the appeal to reason is respected, then cannon will become impotent, battleships will become a disgrace and victories a humiliation. Some such a program as this will be discussed. I offer it as an answer to those who think they have sufficiently suppressed the believer of specific methods in time of peace. They ask us, "What are you going to do about it?" Suppose such a program as this was offered:

[*The suggestions here made have already been printed in* UNITY. *See issue of November 26th.*]

Don't smile! The most damnable doubt that ever crept into the human heart is the doubt that the ideal is impossible and must be dismissed. No, not this, but something vastly better is coming, and no more binding is this ideal on the men who climb Calvaries, whose faces shone like angel faces, than it is for those who sneer at such a program. This or something better will come as soon as faith in gunpowder and a reliance upon battleships will give way. I am not sure but what it has already given way in all individual hearts on the battle lines of Europe to a faith in principle, to a confidence in human brotherhood. Every gun manufactured, every citizen transformed into a soldier is an affront to the Christianity we profess, a denial of the Christ whose leadership these fighting nations confess.

Stephen with the radiant face of an angel today rebukes our belligerency; that face still shining with radiant light through the two melleniums of time disarms hatred, condemns the militant indignities practiced in the name of the brotherhood we disgrace and of God the Father whose name we mouth in our devotions, but whom we so irreverently deny in our practice.

There is a beautiful story that sometime in the fifth century one Justin in his cell was visited by an apparition, a grave old man of dignified bearing and noble attitude, who offered to reveal to him the place where the bones of Stephen rested. It was the wraith of Gamaliel, whom we may infer by reading between the lines of the Book of Acts, was disposed toward the Christian movement. He it was who stayed the vehement mob from slaying Peter and his companions by saying, "Hold! If it is of the Evil One, it will come to naught, if it is of God it will prevail." And so this wraith led the monk outside the city gates and showed where the body of Stephen had been buried. When the coffin was opened the remains were still beautiful and the story says "the aroma of sanctity still pervaded the coffin." Not four hundred but nineteen hundred years have failed to dissipate that aroma of sanctity which still pervades the story and still invades the acursed entanglement of selfishness and greed which now finds its highest expression in corporate selfishness, national greed, racial pride.

The limitations of the theologian are fading away, the limitations of the so-called patriot still abide and the message of Stephen the Martyr is still timely and still potent. We must either cease mouthing the words "God" and "Christ" and "Christianity," or try to apply them and practice them as we have never done before. This is the lesson as I read it of the martyrs which needs a re-reading and interpreting in the plural number.

What are we as a nation doing? We are impatient, if we are to believe our daily papers, for the increase of our battleships, laying awake nights listening in terror lest some power should invade us from the East or West. Let us believe more in the potency of love and the power of principle.

The man who carries a pistol carries about him an added menace to his life. It is the unarmed man that is clothed in greater security, and what is true of individuals will be increasingly true of nations. Mark you this, the essential power of spirit is not bound by political lines. Political entities may fade, but whatever is irrepressible and indestructible in nations will survive.

Cæsar led his armed forces across the British Empire and when he had demolished all the British army he marched across the length of the kingdom to the little island of Mona, where the sanctuaries of the Druids were and where the priesthood pledged to non-resistance had gathered the women and children. When the invading army of Rome saw that helpless body of men, women and children unarmed, lifting to heaven their hands, imploring for Divine protection, even the Roman phalanxes wavered according to Tacitus. They were brave to demolish the army of Boadicea, the woman warrior, but they were not brave enough to venture into that unarmed camp of non-resisting holy men and women, and the riders, the men on horseback, had to dash into the Straits and shame them to their tasks. Then they fell to and destroyed priests, women and children. That victory defeated Cæsar in Britain. From that massacre the tide turned against him and he was glad to gather the last of his legions and leave the defeated Cambrians to their own.

The nation that will have courage enough to say to the militant powers of the world, as they approach their lines, "Here we are, hurt if you will," will conquer by that very act.

Stephen's victory is yet to be realized in terms of nationality. For no stoning will destroy the intangible elements that enter into nationality. Poland a hundred years ago was carved like a Christmas turkey. Poland has no country, no flag, no legislative body; but the Polish people are today throbbing with patriotism, conquering their conquerors, remaking Germany and Austria, developing according to their own ideas, and Austria and Germany are helpless in their attempt to de-nationalize the Poles.

The people whose blood flowed into my veins have had no flag and no political country for six hundred years, and still the patriotism of the Welsh flames and their cry is *"Oes y byd yr iaith gwmraeg!"* Deathless is the language of bard and minstrel; it cannot be devastated by cannon or destroyed by battleships. There is something indestructible in the souls of nations and that is language. Greece lost its life three hundred years before Christ was born. Jerusalem was denuded and reduced to ashes in the year 70 of our era, and still today the potent forces of civilization are Hellenic and Abrahamic. They hold the brains as well as the piety of the best that human nature has achieved today. The Jews themselves are a Stephen nation. The triumph of Greece is the triumph of Stephen. The story of the martyrs is the story of progress.

Let us read these ideals into the hot questions of today. Are we ready as peace men and women to adopt the logic of love, or must we mask under the guise of peace, still carrying hidden weapons, believing still more in the devil-ships of destruction than in the gospel power of Stephen.

May the power of love triumph in our hearts and in our land and throughout the world, that the peace that passeth understanding may come and abide with us here and now, everywhere and forever. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Flight and Capture of Jefferson Davis

To the Editor of UNITY:

An inquiry comes to me from a correspondent and reader of UNITY concerning the picture of Jefferson Davis on page 361 of the paper for February 4th, in the 26th chapter of my Life of Gerrit Smith. "Is the general belief that Davis was disguised when captured erroneous?" I am asked.

The full title of the portrait as it is given in the Photographic History of the Civil War is, "Jefferson Davis in the Riding Dress He Wore When Captured." I will give the story of the capture of the President of the Confederacy, as related by himself.

It should be explained that Davis had been in the saddle the greater part of the time for some days, and at the time of his capture was with his family, who, under an escort of seven paroled men, were making their way toward the Florida coast. He was, however, on the point of leaving the party when news that marauders were in the vicinity, led him to delay his departure. The party were in camp for the night; and after watching some hours, Mr. Davis lay down in his wife's tent, fully dressed. His horse, saddled and with his pistols in the holsters, stood tied and awaiting him, not far from the tent.

Day was just beginning to dawn when word was brought to him by his servant that there was firing near at hand; and stepping out of the tent, he discovered a squad of cavalry.

"I turned back," he states (Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Vol. II, page 701), "and told my wife these were not the expected marauders but regular troopers. She implored me to leave at once. I hesitated from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my 'raglan,' a waterproof, light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps 15 or 20 yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was, in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended upon instantaneous action, and recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent."

I remember, as a boy, seeing a coarse print in some illustrated paper, the *New York Ledger*, if I am not mistaken, representing Jefferson Davis in crinoline and full woman's gear, including shawl and bonnet—a gross caricature. Davis did not want to be captured, it hardly needs to be said. He cherished the hope of continuing the war in the trans-Mississippi department, in the hope of obtaining more favorable terms of peace. (He had been on his way toward the Mississippi when he turned and joined his family, led to the step by the news that they were in danger from marauders.) Had it been feasible for him to escape in disguise, it would have been no disgrace to do so. I suppose nobody at this day believes Davis to have been lacking in courage, either moral or physical. Nobody ought to have believed it in 1865. But unquestionably many did, and the caricatures and stories of his attempting to pass himself off as an old woman increased the silly credulity and tended to add contempt to the natural odium which attached to him as the "arch rebel."

To what extent the waterproof overcoat on a cold, damp morning, which he had taken under the impression that it was his own, and the shawl thrown over his head by his wife, constituted a disguise, readers can judge for themselves. Certainly it was very ineffective, quite too ineffective, it seems to me, to have been seriously intended as such.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Keosauqua, Iowa, Feb. 13, 1915.

My Library—No. XXII

Almost before I had awakened to the fact that such a man as Maurice Maeterlinck was living, a woman friend had read him somewhat thoroughly and gotten the idea that he was a "French Emerson," but meaning probably a "Belgian Emerson," instead. This aroused my own attention, and I read diligently "The Treasure of the Humble," "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Buried Temple" in quick succession, but only to find Maeterlinck, if not an entirely good echo of Emerson, yet with some striking characteristics peculiar to himself, especially an air of unquestionable certainty about the more easily questioned subjects that Emerson would have been loath to credit himself with. In form he was all a Frenchman can be, which is saying much, of course. In subject-matter he was important in bringing to the reader serious discussions of vital topics, and leaving him the wiser and better for reading him.

When I came to read Maeterlinck's plays, I was not exactly "held in thrall" as I had been led to suspect. "Sister Beatrice" appealed to me as a beautiful piece of medieval tapestry, but "The Intruder," "The Blind" and their like rather repelled me, more particularly perhaps because I was not used to such "repercussive repetitions" as are there to be found. And all through the rest, "Aglavaine and Selysette," "Pelléas and Milisande," "Barbe-Bleu" and "Joyzelle," I was bothered in a similar way, and was glad to find in "Monna Vanna" a wise abandonment of this French mannerism in favor of a more nearly English one. Latterly Maeterlinck's writings about bees, flowers, dogs, etc., have captivated as they should all who love these humbler brothers of the fields and homes.

Indeed it is rather unusually interesting to note the successive movements of my estimation of Maeterlinck, all the way from regarding him as something of "a crazy crow masquerading in tail feathers plucked from the Swan of Avon," as Huneker says for himself and others, to accepting him as a "master of mystic positivism" and able "to realize, to exteriorize the mystery of the significance of the soul-life," and to unravel the "tragic element in the life of everyday," which, Maeterlinck says, "is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true Self that is in us, than the tragedy that lies in great adventure," and whose "province is to reveal to us how truly wonderful is the mere act of living, and to throw light upon the existence of the soul, self-sustained in the midst of ever-restless immensities." If I am ever inclined to doubt this function of Maeterlinck, I have only once more to re-read what another friend calls his "gem," the unpretentious one-act play called "Home," or in fact any other of his writings somewhat more attentively than before, to be assured that this author is quite the man whose mind is thoroughly imbued with the "strangeness of common life, the mystic correspondences, the star in the wheat," as someone else has said of him, and consequently is to be correspondingly respected and retained in My Library with becoming prominence and gratitude. Much has been said of his symbolism, and truly, as the Frenchman, Aline Gorren, says, "All visibilities are symbols. Our business is to find out what these symbols are." In this business, undoubtedly Maeterlinck is one of our master helpers.

Thinking of Maeterlinck reminds me that there is a group of European dramatists that have been much more slowly admitted to My Library than even he, and yet are in some respects perhaps of more real consequence. For instance, when I read Gerhardt Hauptmann's "The Weavers" (Die Weber), I was impressed with the tremendous importance of such a play's being listened to by not only the down-trodden portion of the world, but by many of the down-treaders as well. No direct preaching of importance, comparatively little moralizing, not much more of inspiring invitation upward, either; but what a compelling motive for struggle and gain toward betterment in the very vividness of presentation of subject-matter—a presentation that stings one's heart into a sympathy that will not be hushed, and one's sluggish or hesitant altruism into unusual activity, even though this may promise chiefly to be but blindly inefficient in the end. As he makes Pastor Kittelhaus say, "When a man has said his say from the pulpit (or from anywhere else!) for thirty years . . . he has inevitably calmed down; . . . however valiantly and wantonly he may attack the existing order of things, he calms down in the end," and one may add "is lucky" if he dosen't settle hopelessly back into the inane complacency that governs those who "preach the pure Word of God, and leave all else to Him who provides shelter and food for the birds, and clothes the lilies of the field." I say "lucky," for, as sure as the Spirit of Progress operates at all, it will hereafter be more and more active in the direction indicated by the "First Young Weaver," of the play, who says so naively, "We wants to *live*—that's all. An' so they've cut the rope we was hung up with"; and, we can well believe, "woe unto those who think this to be only a mad perversion of so-called 'normal conditions!'" In one sense, undoubtedly, all such performances are "mad"; they do not sufficiently heed the absolute limitations of the heights to which individuals may respectively and reasonably aspire. This is shown not alone in "The Weavers," but also in "The Sunken Bell," where the unreined "horses of the sun" in the service of Heinrich the bellman lead him indeed to the mountain top, only, however, to die of the remorse caused by his wild desertion of the home where his real sphere most truly lay. In his case the utmost plenitude of the realization of his dream did not save him or prepare him for truly sensing the true limitations of his effectiveness. The ideal in men must never fail to reckon accurately with the real that has the primary, and certainly just as necessary, place in his economy. This, if anywhere, is where true "madness" may at any time break out in aspirants for reform, whether this be escape from poverty or shame, or from other obstacles on the way to heaven. Or, take his "Hannele," another picture of degradation that is quaint, and portrays a hopelessness that mercilessly condemns our smug respectability, and yet glorifies the ideality that often saves so exultantly, that one wonders why we all remain so cruelly asleep to what we might actually be doing to heal the broken-hearted and crown all their life with blessing. When "Various Voices" in the play cry out, "The girl's

something more'n a beggar child! They're bringing a glass coffin, an angel passed through the middle of the village," who of us awaken to recognize that perhaps at our own next door there are people who are "Something more," and that we ourselves may be the passing angels capable of making even death-like vestments and enclosures so transparent that all may see!

And so with what else of Hauptmann's that I have read or read about. His work must be a leaven, or stimulant, or condemnation, or all together of exceptional value, in the midst of the world's effete institutions and conditions, which will have to be seriously reckoned with, as society more and more grasps their significance and responds to their divine provocations.

Associated with Hauptmann in close interest are Strindberg and Gorkie, who in their own ways have also hammered at things as they are with relentless force, and this simply or mostly by the indirect method of artistic presentation of the sordidness and the misery of their characters. All these men, Strindberg, Ibsen, Gorkie, Hauptmann and their equally bold contemporaries, must be and undobtedly are undermining and battering down persisting products of out-of-date feelings and thoughts and methods, and let us at least hope so are helping the world to something more universally favorable to the best interests of mankind.

In Gabrielle D'Annuncio, Italy seems to have another, who, by his clairvoyantly subtle peerings into the souls of men and women, is thus enabled to present in exquisite form many of their most secret and fateful workings; as for instance in his "Paola and Francesca," where he makes the latter premonish the love she is to have for the former, in saying:

> Take me, dear sister, take me with you now, . . .
> And lay me down upon your little bed,
> And with a covering cover me and make
> A silence of the shouting, make a silence
> Of the shouting and the tumult
> I hear within my soul.

Yet in what a different note from those of his northern contemporaries does D'Annunzio express himself. They, full of sympathy for the common miseries of life, irresistibly arouse us to deepen our own sympathy, even unto some more or less definite and useful response. He, however, no matter how deeply he probes, does it so exquisitely that one might, instead of deeply sympathizing, feel it almost a privilege to be his victim rather than to revolt at what he found, or respond to the detailed, vivid, artistic, elucidating portrayals of the people and their times, he so universally gives; and yet, as one comprehends these details never so fully, one quite complacently goes his own way thereafter, even as before, the very same in motive and project. For instance, one can read D'Annunzio's "Paola and Francesca" over and over again and be interested more and more, but to what final solid result he may be at a loss to say. The old story has gained in literary interest, but not in importance; that is all. And so with his "Dream of An Autumn Sunset," for another instance. Perhaps the abject slavery of men's passions was never more vividly exhibited than in this,—at least so far as my reading goes. Such a literary revelling in lust of body was never indulged in before. Unblushingly woman's dominating fascination, man's throwing decency to the winds, servile cupidity, sexual hysteria—what a rage and horror it all is! And yet, too, one arises from the reading of this quite as calm in every way as before. To the Northern spirit, no Southern seems to have as yet spoken of these things with any such inviting or compelling force as that which so easily moves his readers nearer home. Intellectually and formally they are very apt to succeed, as others seldom can; but they are just as apt often if not universally to leave out the something, the *quale* that appeals to the Northman's profounder sense of the moral and the spiritual in human consciousness. However, my readings of the writings of these Latin races has not been extensive or over attentive, and I am not sure that I wish it ever to be so. They have their place for their own peoples, undoubtedly, but for me they seldom sound a note that awakens harmonies that I care very much for.

I first really heard of Henrik Ibsen through listening to a paper by Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, now of Cornell University, on "Is Ibsen a Pessimist?" read before a little club of twenty kindred spirits. After this Ibsen did not remain unknown to me for very long. One after one I secured volumes of his "Prose Dramas," and read them as attentively and as understandingly as I could. The more I read, the better I liked him; and yet I always experienced, nevertheless, a kind of reservation that nettled while it encouraged me. Not until I read his letters did I discover why this had been so. Inevitably there was something in Ibsen's own nature which his hard wrestle with life had cultivated to such an extent, that his works necessarily reflected it. No one can go through life always experiencing and rather exclusively dwelling upon the harsher aspects of human experience—the morbid, the wicked, the pathological, its whole tragedy, in fact—and at the same time with almost the entire world misunderstanding, or opposing, or falsifying him while doing it, without having it unconsciously infuse and color everything he says or does. It was this undoubtedly that jarred upon my sensibilities all along, but never harshly enough to drown the harmony of the rest. Of course, I was interested in his "Doll's House," his "Hedda Gabler," his "Brand," his "Master Builder," his "Ghosts," and almost all the others. They dealt with and explicated matters with which I daily had responsibly to consider and act upon; and, as with Hawthorne or George Eliot, so with Ibsen; I was thankful enough for whatever light he could throw upon the perplexing complexes of the inner lives of men and women. Not very pleasant have I ever found Ibsen at his best; but always there has been recompense for this, in the profundity of his insight, the accuracy of his intuitions, and the skill with which he has usually revealed what he has seen and imagined.

And I might say much the same of Bernard Shaw. Jeer at him as one may for the newness and unexpectable everywhere thrust upon one without warning, he yet is worth reading closely by everyone who has need to know modern life as it is, and the modern style of motive and impulse underlying much of it. It is true his two volumes, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," did not furnish me with enough of the "pleasant" to be noticeable; while his "Three Plays for Puritans," "Man and Superman," and the rest,

even with "The Doctor's Dilemma," all show an intensity of dogged determination to attract attention, whether or no, that forbids the easy play of association that perfect art everywhere needs. There is such a thing as passion being too intense, and the dramatist, even when terribly in earnest respecting needed solutions of real problems, may well remember this, lest he inhibit the best attention of his reader just when its concentration may be most needed. Ibsen and Shaw both stir one up exceptionally, but in both, art has suffered from over strenuosity too frequently to allow of their being quite as satisfactory as they otherwise would be. It is indeed difficult for the propagandist to be a true artist; the "secret of Ibsen" insisted ever in being out; the no-secret of Shaw insists upon obscuring itself, often hopelessly.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

HE WENT FOR A SOLDIER.

He marched away with a blithe young score of him
with the first volunteers,
Clear-eyed and clean and sound to the core of him,
Blushing under the cheers.
They were fine, new flags that swung a-flying there,
Oh, the pretty girls he glimpsed a-crying there,
Pelting him with pinks and with roses—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Not very clear in the kind young heart of him
What the fuss was about,
But the flowers and the flags seemed part of him—
The music drowned his doubt.
It's a fine, brave sight they were a-coming there
To the gay, bold tune they kept a-drumming there,
While the boasting fifes shrilled jauntily—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Soon he is one with the blinding smoke of it—
Volley and curse and groan:
Then he has done with the knightly joke of it—
It's rending flesh and bone.
There are pain-crazed animals a-shrieking there
And a warm blood stench that is a-reeking there;
He fights like a rat in a corner—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

There he lies now, like a ghoulish score of him,
Left on the field for dead:
The ground all round is smeared with the gore of him—
Even the leaves are red.
The Thing that was Billy lies a-dying there,
Writhing and a-twisting and a-crying there;
A sickening sun grins down on him—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Still not quite clear in the poor wrung heart of him
What the fuss was about;
See where he lies—or a ghastly part of him—
While life is oozing out:
There are loathsome things he sees a-crawling there;
There are hoarse-voiced crows he hears a-calling there,
Eager for the foul feast spread for them—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

How much longer, O, Lord, shall we bear it all?
How many more red years?
Story it and glory it and share it all,
In seas of blood and tears?
They are braggart attitudes we've worn so long;
They are tinsel platitudes we've sworn so long—
We who have turned the Devil's Grindstone,
Borne with the hell called War!

The Smart Set. —*Ruth Comfort Mitchell.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

V.

Second Thessalonians

"If any will not work, neither let him eat."..iii:10.

It is hardly possible, without years of special and careful historical research, to rise to an approximate appreciation of what the world owes to this restless, impetuous, generous, tireless little Jew, Paul.

We left Paul last week in Corinth. Barnabas had started out with him on the second missionary journey, but at Antioch a dispute arose as to whether John Mark should accompany them and they seemed to have separated for good and aye. But John Mark we meet again. Paul, who never traveled alone, picked up another Gentile, Silas, or Sylvanus. In Lystra he found a young man with a Gentile father and Jewish mother, Timothy, who became his amanuensis, colleague and friend throughout the rest of his campaignings.

Paul's dependency on his friends is indicated in his references to his "thorn in the flesh." Canon Farrar, in his Appendix to his charming work on Paul, gives a clever bit of inferential interpretation of the physical trouble which Paul refers to over and over again in a modest way. Farrar states at the outset that we know nothing about it aside from the incidental illusions and reasons, but he makes two very ingenious guesses. One that Paul was an epileptic and second that he was troubled with ophthalmia or some kind of eye disease.

While at Corinth, where he stayed perhaps a year and a half, Paul probably wrote this second letter to the Macedonian Church. The New Testament thought of the church is not our conception of it—an organized society. The Greek word is "ecclesia," the nearest word would be "congregation," an assembly, a group, and these churches to which Paul wrote were probably unorganized groups.

This is a characteristic letter. It combines that which we ever find in Paul, the splendid universal element of a heart overflowing with enthusiasm, self-denying service and a marvelous capacity for friendship, which is all explicable, and a theology which is hard to understand. Though after spending a year in the study of the Apochryphal literature we should find it easier to understand Paul as a Jew of the Jews. The only Bible he knew was the Hebrew Scripture, from which he was constantly quoting and telling the Jews that the Messiah they waited for, he who was promised of the prophets, who was bargained for in Moses' time, had come—the Christ. The whole letter is Messianic and Paul took the Messianic message at

its maximum, as predicted in Daniel, in Ezekiel, in the book of Jubilees and elsewhere. The Messiah was to come again and the kingdom of God would be established. Christ would establish his kingdom of love and justice and the world would begin anew with the loyal and the true who were prepared to receive him.

At intervals, from that time to this, this "Second Coming" has been looked for. Read the history of about 1000 A. D., when the fact that it was the end of a millenium appealed to the people. Read Edward Eggleston's "End of the World," when the excitement swept through Southern Indiana with such intensity. The present war in Europe has already given rise to such a prediction; it is a "sign" of the end of the world. The same thing was true of our war for the Union. Such predictions have been the cause of the neglect of whole territories of country, resulting in famine and suffering.

Something of this was true of the Thessalonians, and to correct this misapprehension was the purpose of this letter, so full of fire, of local color and of timely feeling. We are swept off our feet by Paul's splendid zeal and magnetism, and we see how this loyal and disinterested heart was big enough and strong enough to carry along a lot of theological lumber we cannot make out. Gregg, the English scholar of thirty years ago, showed in an interesting essay how truth has come down through the ages on the wings of error. Paul writes:

> As to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our being gathered to meet him, we beg you, brothers, not lightly to let your minds become unsettled, nor yet to be disturbed by any revelation, or by any message, or by any letter, purporting to come from us, to the effect that the Day of the Lord is come. Do not let anyone deceive you, whatever he may do. For it will not come until after the Great Apostasy and the appearing of that Incarnation of Wickedness, that Lost Soul, who so opposes himself to everyone that is spoken of as a God or as an object of worship, and so exalts himself above them that he seats himself in the Temple of God and displays himself as God.

The "Anti-Christ," "Wickedness Incarnate," or the "Checker," as Farrar calls him, has variously been interpreted to mean Luther, the Scarlet Women of Rome, and Caligula or the Roman then in power.

The book of Daniel and the Apochryphal literature was full of that sort of thing, and without two thousand years of further history, outside of Judea, it is no wonder Paul could make this a hot, burning question.

In order to appreciate this letter and catch the spirit of the writer, it is a great advantage not to have to try to square this long outgrown dream with the facts of life, or read the infallible will of the Almighty into this passing letter. The man is to be pitied who in the pulpit today must make his people believe it to be the word of the Lord, of such profound spiritual value that not to accept it is to be damned.

Paul is a skylark of the spirit. Let him alone; let him soar and he will sing for you. Hold him in your hand tight, put him into your caged creed and he is dumb.

If you dip into the criticism of it, there is every evidence that these letters of Paul represent the "flotsam and jetsam" of a large correspondence, that floated around, was mutilated, forgotten and patched together into the present form for missionary purposes, and soon became "tracts." After Paul's death the precious documents were passed round from group to group and it was perhaps three hundred years after, that the theologians undertook to decide on what is canonical and what is not.

The greatest missionary of the world was the man who saved the Jews from themselves, took them up where he stood. Who said, if Jehovah is the God of the world let the whole world know it. So the spirit of Jewry got away from itself out into the world and Christianity became the moving power in civilization as the result.

One of the most fundamental characteristics of this great movement is that in which it outshines all the religions of the world, its cosmopolitanism. It has taken into itself Slav, Teuton and Celt, Gaul and Saxon, European, African, Mongolian, Caucasian, red man, white man, black man and yellow man. Christianity has been able to enlist the interest and the affection of a marvelous range of lives reaching from the desert to the cathedral of St. Peters. Jesus' sweet sayings, his clear statements would have fallen dead upon a stolid world if they had not been caught up by Paul and his companions and in the intensive culture of the New Testament we catch this movement in the making.

(1) How did the church of Paul's time differ from the church of today?

(2) Give substance of Paul's conception of the second coming of Christ.

(3) What was the example Paul set for his followers as given in the third chapter?

DESTINY.

We are what we imagine, and our deeds
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts today
Epics that little children in their play
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;
In barrack, court and school were sown those seeds,
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own
Create for us a like reality!
Let not imagination's soil be sown
With armed men, but justice, so that we
May for a world of tyranny atone
And dream from that despair—democracy.

——*Percy MacKaye.*

—*The Boston Transcript.*

The government has received $99.40 in settlement for a single sugar pine tree which was cut in trespass in the Stanislaus National Forest in California, and which yielded more than enough actual lumber to build a good-sized suburban frame house. The tree scaled 18,933 board feet and was valued at $5.25 per thousand feet.

Not many trees contain enough lumber to build a two-foot board walk nearly two miles long, and this is believed to be the first case on record in which a single tree felled in a National Forest was valued at almost $100 on the stump, although National Forest timber is frequently sold at considerably higher rates.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

"TO A FINISH."

"Fight to a finish!" This is the unanimous cry of the belligerents! In Germany and in Austria, as in France, in England and in Belgium, this cry goes forth with a strange misunderstanding of what it means. A fight to a finish! To the finish of what? Of militarism, will be the answer. But nobody reflects on the terrible sacrifices, the frightful massacres, the unheard of ruin that this answer implies. Day by day the journals of the Allies repeat, with an enervating and disgusting monotony, a wearisome anthem like a litany: "Along the whole front a huge battle from the Swiss frontiers to the shores of Flanders; no notable change has been produced; the German attacks have been everywhere repulsed and considerable losses have been inflicted on them." As to the losses of the Allies, they are hardly referred to. In reply to a member of Parliament, the British Government has recently admitted that in 75 days the "casualties," to use the English euphemism, amounted to 57,000. During the ten days of the battles of the Yser those of the Belgians were reckoned at 12,000. Competent military authorities estimate that, if the war should last for a year, 75 per cent of the soldiers will be killed or wounded. It is estimated that at the present moment 20,000,000 men are under arms, and those who, in their wicked dream, wish for a fight to a finish, to the final exhaustion, to a collective suicide, are talking of levies en masse which would bring up the effective armies to 40,000,000 combatants destined to become 40,000,000 corpses or invalids.

It must finish some day, unless in their turn the mothers and daughters are armed, and already in London women have shouldered the rifle and are being trained for the impious work of death, they who are, by destiny and duty, the creators of life. An end must be put to the young, the growing, and the adults in all the force of their experience and development. An end must be put to civilization, progress, inventions and beauty. An end must be put to the scholars, the thinkers, the most brilliant artists, the highest intelligences. An end must be put to the age-long devotion of men in loving and trusting. An end must be put to shining prospects and splendid hopes. Under the impassive stars and the triumphant sun, an end must be put to the human race. That is the real meaning of the fatalistic cry which is hypnotizing the world. Let humanity rise and shout, in an access of noble passion and clear vision, "Enough! enough!"

—*Henri La Fontaine.*
(*Belgian Senator and President of the International Peace Bureau.*)

STATES THAT HAVE GONE "DRY"

Sixty years ago nine Northern States went "dry" in a single year. Most of them soon lapsed into license, and up to 1907, out of eighteen that had tried the experiment only three,—Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota,—retained prohibition.

Then seven Southern States came into the prohibition column, in the following order: Georgia in 1907; Oklahoma, Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina in 1908; Tennessee in 1909; and West Virginia in 1912. All of these states have remained "dry" but Alabama; and last month Alabama seemed certain to become "dry" again by overwhelming vote of the Legislature.

In the autumn of 1914, seven states voted on the subject. Five of them adopted prohibition, and only two,—California and Ohio,—retained license. Virginia went "dry" in September by 35,000 majority, every city but three voting "no license," and the four Western states of Arizona, Colorado, Oregon and Washington voted in favor of prohibition.

The action of Arizona was a surprise, as hardly more than a fifth of the population were under local no-license laws. There was harmony between the temperance forces, however, as well as organization and intense activity. The women's votes were potential in the result.

The pronounced victory of the anti-saloon forces in Colorado was brought about by complete organization and persistent newspaper advertising. The violence in the strike zone had its influence, and the revival meetings of "Billy" Sunday, then in Colorado, made many

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prohibition votes. Here, also, as well as in Arizona, the women voters contributed much to the victory.

In Oregon all but two counties voted for prohibition, and Portland, a city of 250,000, went "dry" by a majority of 1,832. Every voter was personally seen. The pastors and members of the churches turned the state into an organized political camp. The "woman vote" in Oregon was disappointing, although a majority of women probably voted for prohibition.

Prohibition won in Washington by a majority of 18,632, carrying all but six counties. Man-to-man work, with literature, was the method, instead of mass-meetings. The women divided about as the men did; they were not as dominant as in Colorado and Arizona.

In California the radical temperance people proposed too drastic a measure, and it was rejected by a majority of 130,000. The liquor people failed in their efforts to adopt a companion measure forbidding prohibition legislation for eight years.

Under the Initiative and Referendum in Ohio, a new unit of voting was introduced; and the Home Rule amendment favored by the liquor interests carried over the prohibition amendment of the temperance people. Next year the battle will be fought over again, and the Anti-Saloon League workers claim that they will then carry their measure.

The people of Idaho, South Carolina, Florida and Iowa vote on the question this year or next, and will likely declare for prohibition. — From "The War Against the Saloon," by Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, in the *American Review of Reviews* for February.

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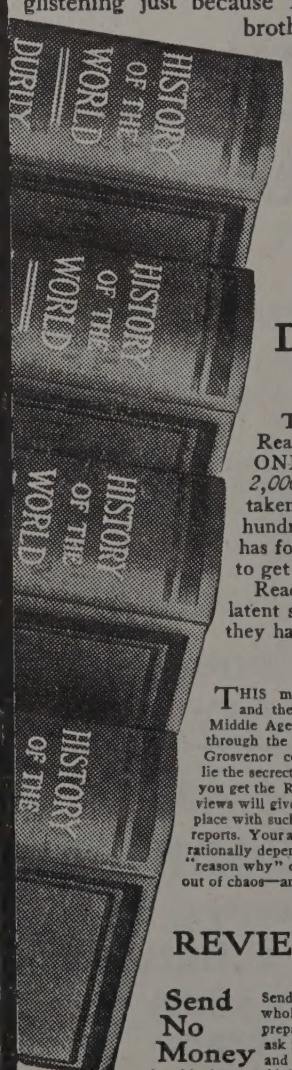

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